his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth he, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? *And by my holydam, the pretie wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a ieast shall come about: I warrant, and I should liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not* Iule *quoth he? and pretie foole it stinted, and said I.*

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, and say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bump as big as a young Cockrels stone: a perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not* Iule? *It stinted, and said I.*

Iuli. And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nurst, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marrie, that marrie is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Iuliet. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. *An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst suckt wisedome from thy teate.*

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme,
Are made alreadie mothers by my count.
I was your mother, much vpon these yeares
That you are now a maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.

Old La. Verona's Sommer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. *Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast,
Reade ore the volume of young *Paris* face,

And

And find delight, writ there with
Examine euery married liniamen
And see how one an other lends
And what obscurde in this faire
Finde written in the margeant of
This precious booke of loue, this
To bewtifie him, onely lacks a C
The fish liues in the sea, and tis n
For faire without the faire, withi
That booke in manies eyes doth
That in gold clasps locks in the
So shall you share all that he dot
By hauing him, making your self

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger wo

Old La. Speake briefly, can yo

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if lookin
But no more deepe will I endar
Then your consent giues strengt

Ser. Madam the guests are co
my young Lady askt for, the Nu
uerie thing in extremitie: I must
follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* t

Nur. Go gyrle, seeke happie

Enter Romeo, Mercutio,
Maskers, torchbearers

Romeo. What shall this speec
Or shall we on without apolog

Ben. The date is out of such p
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hudwinck
Bearing a Tartars painted bow
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowk
But let them measure vs by wha
Weele measure them a measure

Rom. Giue me a torch, I am

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH